

Weeping Willow

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Summary: A depressed Viking lives in Berk, she just couldn't live after her mother died and her dad's expectations rose. She is just about ready to do the ultimate thing to stop the pain. FULL SUMMARY INSIDE PLEASE READ!

1. Chapter One: My Secret

**A/N: Sorry that the first one is so short, I promise it will get longer, it just had to be like this. Any way this is my first story for HtTYD, I hope you like it. Please review! **

**Title: Weeping Willow **

**Summary: Willow is a viking. A very depressed viking that lives in Berk. She's told shes beautiful. That shes talented. The best singer in the village. But she knows better, she believes she was cursed when she was born because of her mothers foolishness in naming her something pretty and not scary. SO she distances her self from everyone, everything. She finds comfort in her own blood and scars. Her fatheren roles her in training along with the rest of the kids her age doesn't help anything, it simply pushes her further into the abyss that shes created. **

Rating: T

**Chapter One: My Secret **

I stared at the pointed knife in my right hand. It had blood on it and was slowly dripping down the blade. The gash in my left wrist was thinning down to a gentle drip. I sighed as I found the fabric I constantly was washing and reusing and placed it against the cut to stop the bleeding completely. I didn't have enough to bandage it all the time, its not like I wanted to any way. It stopped and I let the gray sleeve fall down over my wrist. I combed out my hair, it falls in layers, blonde on top black on bottom. Its natural that way to,

don't ask. I pulled on the sleeveless black fur vest along with the matching boots. I silently tip toed out the door, my breath misting in the chill air. I hugged my arms around myself irritating my left wrist. I start my usual walk around the village, I just didn't want to be in the house when my dad wakes up. He wouldn't understand. The building had just begun again, the last dragon attack had happened the night before. And of course eighty percent of the village was destroyed. And we weren't even able to keep the dragons because Hiccup had let them all get away.

Speak of the devil and he shall appear. There he was, just walking around like I was. But he had a purpose to his stride. He was going some where. Good for him. Just as long as I didn't have to clean it up. I sighed and made my way up to the mess hall, I was on cooking duty for the village. Lovely.

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After dinner was served I made my way home. I trekked my way down to my house. The wood door swung open before I got there though and there stood my dad. A vast man he was, six feet tall with broad shoulders, much larger than my skinny frame and five three height. A bushy black beard and untamed black hair were under his helmet. His dark eyes smiled at me.

"Willow! There you are! I have wonderful news! You'll be starting dragon training tomorrow!".

I looked up at the man who gave me life. And I pulled out my acting face.

"Really dad? I can't wait!".

He smiled at me and put his meaty hand on my shoulder. "I'm going out with Stoic to try and rid the nest. We leave later tonight. You'll be careful while I'm gone?".

I smiled at him, it pained my cheeks it was such an unnatural thing to do. "Of course daddy.".

He smiled. "I love you. I have to go get the ships ready ok?".

I nod and he leaves. The second hes gone my cheeks drop. I rub them. That hurt. Well the good news is I can delve into my dirty little secret without interruption.

2. Chapter Two: Cliff

**A/N: SO here it is! Chapter two! Sorry For the wait, please tell me what you think! **

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**Chapter Two: Cliff **

It was the next day that we were thrown into dragon training. My father had gifted me with a spear, my mothers. He had it reworked by Gobber. The handle was just as long as me and black, the tip a sparkling silver. I had practiced throwing it and it had gone pretty well. He had us in arena now. Astrid and the twins were speculating over wanting some scars. Ha. Losers. If you want a scar that bad make it yourself.

Hiccup walks in then with an axe. Hm. His dad let him do this? Intersting. And the next thing I know there's a Gronkel flying around the arena. I take off for a shield as instructed by Gobber. I pick it up fast and hold against me. The twins are out. So is fish legs. Out goes Snoutlout as Astrid tumbles away. Shes over with Hiccup now. It hits his shield and sends it flying. The dragon is right up in his face now. And I react. I drop the shield and charge at with my spear. I leap straight on top of it and start bashing t the head with my spear. It yanks its head just as it fired its last shot. It flies at a wall. I collide with it and am sent flying off. Gobber gets the dragons mouth on his hook.

"Go back to sleep yeh over grown sausage!", He yells at it.

I breath deeply my heart pounding. The pain in my shoulder was simply amazing. Red hot. Electric. It felt so wonderful I nearly moaned out loud. Gobber was over me a second later. He shook his head and grinned at me.

"Congratulations Willow, first injury in the ring. You dislocated your shoulder."

The pain was actually making me happy, and I had never felt something like this before so I was euphoric.

"Awesome! We can get it put back though right?". I ask the pain making me grin.

He waves a hooked hand. "Of course we can. I'll go get the Doctor, Hiccup help her up won't you? And Willow, great job."

He limps off to go get the doctor. Hiccup grabs my good arm, my left, and heaves me to my feet. His green eyes meet mine with uncertainty.

"Um...thank you..for doing that."

The pain is making my head spin. And for a moment I wonder why I did it. And then I find the answer. I deserve pain, I need the pain. He doesn't.

"Of course. I don't want to see you mauled on day one." I say holding my shoulder.

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And that is how it passed for the next week and a half. Going against whatever Gobber threw at us. And Hiccup becoming the one who obviously wasn't cut out for this. But then he started becoming absent more and more. I wonder where he is.

"I wonder what his little dirty secret is", I say to myself. Its lunch break and I headed off to the docks where I knew I'd be alone. I pulled out my thin knife. I pressed the cold against my skin. I shivered.

What did I have to live for? I wanted to know? Nothing. I dragged the blade across my skin at that thought. I hissed. This one was deep, it would have to be bandaged. Lovely. I let the blood drip down my arm and hits the water. I smile as it soon turns red. I bandage it and sprinted up the steps leading to the village. I would finally do it. I was ready for it. I would finally die. I gave a shout of laughter and some of the other Vikings looked at me worridely. I didn't care. It would finally all be over. Fifteen years of torture about to end.

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I had cleaned the whole house, thrown out all the old food in the fridge and left my note for my father. I was now approaching the cliff. It had a straight drop and was the highest point in the village. I was slowly walking to the edge. I looked down. The drop was dizzying. I took a deep breath and smiled. My selves were hiked up to my elbows. All my scars and cuts showing. I really wanted to be myself when I died. I had the knife in my hand, I made one last slit barely wincing smiling at the blood dripping down my arm. I stuck it in the ground and took a few paces back. I took one last breath.

"Good bye." I whispered.

I sprint and fling myself over the edge. A scream escaped my throat as I started the plunge. It was glorious. The feeling of falling was amazing. The whish of air. The readiness of dying. And suddenly that was all stopped. My arm was wrenched up painfully, the one I hurt too, and I was flying across the ocean. I look up and there's a scaly claw wrapped around my arm. I was being carried by a dragon. A _dragon_**. **_So I did the sensible thing. I screamed.

3. Chapter Three: Flying

**A/N: So...an entire year? Thats a new record...I kinda fell out of writing in general, but I promise, if any of you are still reading this, I will update much much sooner this time. So if anyones out there, enjoy.
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something pretty and not scary. SO she distances her self from everyone, everything. She finds comfort in her own blood and scars. Her father enroles her in training along with the rest of the kids her age doesn't help anything, it simply pushes her further into the abyss that shes created. **

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**Chapter Three: Flying **

I pulled furiously at its claws that had clamped down on my bad shoulder. I did not wanna die this way. Not as a meal. It had to be on my own decision.

"Let me go you lizard!", I screamed at it.

Of course it didn't let go, it simply soared even higher. I went limp and simply closed my eyes this was the end. And it wasn't how it was so supposed to end. Oh gods why this way...

And I felt it descending. Great time to get eaten. And I had no way to defend myself. My knife was stuck in the grassy cliff back some way. I opened my eyes and saw grass fast approaching. He was swooping so low I had to pull my legs up. And, then it let go.

I went tumbling across the ground in an extremely ungraceful fashion. When I got my bearings and stood up only slightly dizzy. I lunged for the big stick near me. I looked around. I was in a canyon with no fast way out. The lake wasn't much of an option, I could drown myself before he gets me though. Speaking of it where was it? I looked around for it, whipping hurriedly from side to side. I slowly starting backing up. My back made contact with a towering rock. I heard a growl.

I whipped around falling on my back, my stick raised at it. It was simply a black shadow in the night. One I had never seen before. It couldn't be...A nightfury could it? It growled again a jumped down. Thats when I noticed the odd shape on top of it. It leaned back, it was going to pounce. I closed my eyes tight and waited for the pain of teeth to come.

"Toothless! No! Down boy!". I heard a voice. It was extremely panicked. And familiar

I open my eyes and I see a slim form infront of my, taming the beast. He turns towards me and the moonlight hits his face.

"Hiccup?", I say extemely confused

"Its okay,Willow. Hes harmless."

I look at him like hes crazy. "Hes a flippin dragon, hes not dangerous my ass!".

I stood up and had my stick ready. I twirled it, showing off my spear skills a bit.

"Willow please, listen. Come sit okay." He gestured to the log.

"No. Not with that there." I said whipping my stick to the fire

breather. He growled at me.

"He, he won't do anything if I'm here." He said in that odd little way he talked.

I don't trust people. Especially innocent little twerps like him. But for some stupid reason I sat. And held my stick tighter.

"umm Willow...You're wrist..." , He said quietly

I looked down to see that my right arm was all exposed and my left sleeve was all soaked through red. I looked away from his green eyes.

"Willow. I saw you jump. Why would you do that?". He said in a whisper.

"I didn't jump I fell. My arms must have hit something on the way down." I said pathetically.

"Arms don't heal that fast. Those cuts are slightly healed." He said. He grabbed my wrist gently. And for some reason I let him.

"Willow? Do you hurt yourself? On purpose?"

"No." I said blinking the tears away.

He didn't even say anything. He just slowly put his arms around me. I took a deep breath. And then pushed him away.

"I don't want your sympathy." I said quietly. "You don't know what I deal with. A crazy overbearing parent, my clinical depression, the fact that my mother was a complete idiot and named me something pretty!".

He stood and looked me square in the eyes, braver than I've seen him before. "You think it's any better with my dad? He in charge here, it's worse! He thinks I'm so pathetic he'd take anyone else to be his son!". He cried at me. "But you can't give up! You can't let the loneliness take you." He said. "But the fact that you're still here, after all your wrist tells, proves what a strong person you are.."

"I almost killed myself today! How can you call me strong after that?", I came back at him.

"You put up with it, and drove through it, no matter what you had to do to cope, for fifteen years, Willow."

I gave up and sunk to ground. "I didn't know what else to do."

"It's okay." He said quietly sitting next to me.

"I don't wanna talk about it yet. Tell me about the dragon." I said.

And he launched into the most interesting tale of how he found him injured and helped him. Learned to ride him. Dragons were nothing like we thought they were. And he couldn't stand training.

The sun was peeking up over the horizon when he finished. I felt

exhausted but so very wide awake. I looked at Hiccup in the pale morning light.

"Can I ride him?", Was the single question I asked.

He gave me a grin. "Come on."

He climbed up on him and offered me a hand. I gently braced my foot against his side. He growled a bit. But I pushed my self up and threw my leg over him. I slowly settled in on him.

"Hold on!", Hiccup smiled.

I wrapped my arms around him as Toothless took off. I screamed through the take off and we twirled through the sunset streaked clouds. And for the first time in forever, I smiled.

End
file.